

backwoods, saved enough money to support himself for two years, then proceeded to a large Western city for the purpose of studying the higher mathematics and fitting himself to be a civil engineer.

The description of his career in the large Western city will abundantly and gayly entertain the reader. We should like to tell of the supper with Rhine wine, of his opinion of the wine at the first taste, of several glasses and still after that, of the speech that he made, inspired by the wine, of the feeble behavior of his knees coincident with a tremendous and brilliant manifestation of energy by his brain, both due to the wine; of his walk to the hotel in the sustaining and even necessary company of a doctor of divinity whom he had picked up in his speech; of his bold walk alone through the hotel corridor to show that he was able to take care of himself; of the triumphant finish of his walk at the foot of the grand staircase, and his further advance up the stairs on all fours; of his finding himself in bed fully dressed and otherwise ready for the demands of the day on waking in the morning; of his immediate reform, effective forever after and never before necessary; of his disappearing to University College, where he was informed that civil engineering had not yet been included among the studies taught, although there was a class in Roman history; of his singular adventure in an ice-boat sailed by his brother-in-law, the venerable and venerable Sam McKurdy, who was both sage and muscular; of the experiences of these two at the Normal School and at Mrs. Spenser's remarkable boarding house; of the lovely Miss Arbutnot, also attendant at the Normal School, and of her part in Tom Prentiss's further and always interesting career—we should like, we say, to tell of all these things, to dwell upon them with the deliberation and detail that undoubtedly they deserve, but probably it is just as well, and for the author even better, to refer the reader to the book. He will like it. We unequivocally reiterate that it is well worth while.

#### "Stronger" Than Mr. Philpotts.

Mr. Eden Philpotts is not to have the place all to himself, and Mr. John Trevena's story of "Furze the Cruel" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) is another tale of Dartmoor. On Dartmoor, Mr. Trevena tells us, are furze, heather and granite. The furze seems to him to suggest cruelty, the heather endurance and the granite strength, and the three have led him to undertake a trilogy of stories, of which this one is the first: certainly a good deal of cruelty is exhibited here. Farmer Pendogget affords probably his chief manifestation. He was cruel enough when he beat the consumptive simpleton, Brightly, and destroyed his stock in trade. He was cruel and brutal when he wronged Thomazine, a girl distinguished by a "glorious complexion" and a "well made body," but "without mind, intellect or soul worth mentioning," and the story does not hesitate to tell us exactly how brutal he was. It spares no shock. It dispenses with mere suggestion. Thomazine is presented with the boldest chromo effect. "She was plump and full of blood; it seemed ready to burst through her skin. She was somewhat grossly built; too wide at the thighs, big handed and large footed, with not much waist, and a clumsy stoop from the shoulders. She waddled in her walk like most Devonshire farm maids. Her complexion was perfect; so was her health. She had a lusty-looking face, big sleepy eyes, cheeks absolutely scarlet, pointing lips swollen with blood, almost the color of an overripe peach. It was more like paint than natural coloring. It was too strong."

Impossible for us to doubt it. Farmer Pendogget rode by the open kitchen window and threw in a piece of gorse in bloom. It fell upon the stone floor and bounded like a small beast. It jumped on the smooth cement and glided on its spines until it reached the dresser. Thomazine picked it up and held it to her nose, whereupon "one of the tiny spurs pierced the skin and her strong blood burst through." She said, "Scat the vuzz!" and went to the window to throw it out. Pendogget reached in and took her hand. "Her sleeve was loose. Pendogget pressed his fingers under it and paddled the soft flesh like a cat up to her elbow. 'Don't ye, sir,' pleaded Thomazine, feeling somehow this was not right. 'You're a fine, lusty maid,' he muttered. 'The time master was back from Lydford, I reckon,' she murmured. 'You're bloody.' 'Twas that bit o' vuzz.' He drew her closer, threw his arm clumsily round her neck, dragged her half through the window, kissing her savagely on the neck, lips and chin until his own lips were smeared with her blood and he could taste it. She began to struggle. Then she cried out, and he let her go. 'Good blood,' he muttered, passing his tongue over his lips. 'The strongest and best blood on Dartmoor.' Then he flung himself across his horse as if he had been drunk, and rode out of the court."

There is plenty more, but we suspect that so much will be thought a plenty by the moderate. It is only fair, however, to say that not all the story is quite so "strong." The account of sixteen-year-old Roodies and her idyllic love affair will hardly overpower the reader by reason of its strength, and other parts of the book will be found to be fairly merciful.

#### She Reaped as She Had Sown.

Mary Little Taylor's story of "The Reaping" (Moffat, Brown & Co., Boston) is a tale of society and politics in Washington. We must say that we felt some sympathy for Mr. White, the Secretary of the Navy, when his wife at a reception fell to dancing suddenly, all by herself, in what we suppose to have been the manner of the onetime most distinguished Carmenita. Mrs. White ordered the band to strike up the Spanish piece that they had played on Tuesday. "At the first note there was a general cessation of conversation and every eye turned quickly toward her. She stood in the center of the room, her slender arms raised and her hands clasped behind her head, a dreamy expression on her half lifted face, the shadowy masses of her pale brown hair framing a white brow." Her eyes drooped to begin with. Then to the tinkling music she began to sway slightly, dancing down the long room alone, her clinging, shimmering skirts trailing around her feet, flowing in and out, but never seeming to arrest the wonderful rhythmic swing of her movements. That for a time, and then "a fantasy of strange figures" her eyes resting occasionally on her indignant husband and mocking him, until the last, "with a sudden swift movement she caught up her filly draperies, displaying two slender ankles and a pair of wonderfully shod feet, as she executed a deliberate fandango which not a little amazed the more sedate of her guests."

But Margaret White made it a business to be astonishing. She smoked on the terrace of the Capitol at 4 P. M., blowing smoke rings into the perfectly clear and still afternoon, and she exoriated people with her witty tongue on frequent occasions. Mr. White particularly. Her trouble was that she had thrown over William Fox, whom she loved, and had married for money. She was not happy. Fox had come to

be distinguished. His speeches thrilled Congress and powerfully affected the whole country. Finally Margaret went to Omaha and obtained a divorce. But Fox meanwhile had fallen in love with Judge Temple's daughter, Rose, a noble and lovely girl. He would have married Margaret. He would have done that from a sense of duty, and notwithstanding that to marry her would be to ruin his career at a time when he had grown so great that he had declined the State portfolio and was going to run for President. But his career was not ruined. Margaret fell victim to a weak heart. There is a good deal in the story that is interesting and very well written.

#### It Will Surely Find Readers.

In a single paragraph at page 190 of the Baroness Orczy's story of "In Mary's Reign" (The Cupples & Leon Co.) there are three exclamation marks and a mark of interrogation after one word, two exclamation marks after another word, two exclamation marks after a third word, and after a fourth word three exclamation marks. This seems to be a good deal, but Robert Escudé, the fifth Duke of Wessex, believed that he had just seen the Lady Ursula Glynde trying to effect a clandestine midnight meeting with the hateful Spanish emissary, Don Miguel de Suarez, and his feelings in consequence were such as to warrant him in the employment of as many exclamation marks as he deemed necessary. It was not the Lady Ursula really whom he had seen, but the Gypsy fortune teller, the beautiful but dissipated Mirrah, who greatly resembled her. The Duke of Wessex, holding a sword in one hand and a dagger in the other, had been engaged in a warm duel with the Spaniard at the moment when Mirrah appeared. He stopped fighting, owing to the pressure of new and overwhelming emotions, and went away, but happily the evil Don Miguel was not to be spared, for Mirrah reappeared presently and killed him with the dagger that the Duke of Wessex had thrown in disgust upon the floor. It may be suspected from what we have said that "In Mary's Reign" is an eventful romantic tale, and so in fact it is. If it does not attract many readers we have no understanding at all of the great persuasive power of finished and glittering romance.

#### Mr. Swinburne at Seventy.

Any doubts that may exist as to whether Algernon Charles Swinburne retains his poetic gift in his old age must disappear on reading his dramatic sketch "The Duke of Gandia" (Harpers). In less than 500 lines of real blank verse he puts before his readers the real Cesare Borgia, the calculating ambition that removed obstacles from its path with neither hate nor love, the Prince of Machiavelli, whose idea was: "Thou and I will make this rent and ruinous Italy one. Ours it shall be, body and soul, and great above all power and glory, given of God, to them that did to set where thou art—Throned on the dust of Cesar and of Christ, Imperial."

There is tragedy in the figure of Alexander VI, quailing before the more thoroughly logical inquiry of his son, and it is likely that, with competent actors, the indications of character that Mr. Swinburne gives to Lucresia, Vannozza and the Duke, might be made very effective. It is Cesare however, that he is painting and the others are mere accessories. Just as little as in the earlier Swinburne is there any thought of softening Borgia's blasphemy, or of restraining the language of passion in the few places where it can burst forth. If the date is forgotten the critics will find it hard not to put this short drama among the poems of nearly fifty years ago.

#### Some April Follies.

An excellent and original story by the Maine woods has been written by Mr. Holman Day in "King Spruce" (Harpers). The reader may fear at the beginning that it is a plea for scientific forestry, he may expect after a while a description of the details of logging, but he will be agreeably disappointed. As soon as Mr. Day gets him into the woods one exciting adventure follows another and any number of entertaining people are brought to his notice. Many of the adventures may seem improbable in themselves, but as soon as the author starts to tell them they seem not merely natural but rather accounts of things that really happened. The young woman beloved by the hero may be somewhat conventional, but she is made up for by a picturesque wild creature of the woods and by a live down-East girl who is well worth meeting. The hero may be a shade too good, and we rather regret the reform of his rustic opponent, but the politician tyrant who represents the wood pulp barons is fine, and so are the dozen or more secondary characters; they are all living men. We should like to hear more of the queer prophet doctor who turns up at critical moments to set things right. It is an enjoyable tale from beginning to end.

There is much good work in "The Tenants" by Mary S. Watts (The McClure Company), a story that suffers somewhat by the models the author has followed. In part it is an exercise in realism, for which even the plot is nearly sacrificed; in part it is a pretty successful venture into the domain of the picturesque. At the start we have a cruel picture of the dismantling of an old family mansion; the pathetic degradation of furniture and keepsakes in the hands of strangers is described with unsparring truthfulness; so is the decayed family in a country town, and house and family for a while dominate as some material thing does in each of Zola's novels. Then the story turns to the new occupants of the house, a swindling promoter and his family, whose doings are described with the right touch of tender admiration. A thieving servant is amusing, but as he is borrowed from fiction his artificiality jars with the photographic accuracy of the other pictures. The author seems to be very young; she describes the "so in the far away, reminiscent tone that college young women fall into when they perpetrate 'historic' fiction. Even Ohio, where she puts her scene, people of forty are the part of the really old and of the immature."

The striking novel idea of casting away on a deserted shore a young man and a young woman and leaving them to their own resources has occurred to Mr. Robert Ames Bennett in his "Into the Primitive" (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago). When employed before by novelists or political economists the Robinson Crusoe situation has served to expound some theory; there is no question of that in this story. The heroine is an unusually helpless society girl, the man, though needlessly vulgarized, has had a training that should fit him for emergencies. A possible contrast between the noble toilet and the effeminate man of social position is abandoned by turning the temporary third member of the community into an impostor and thief. The story reads easily; its main originality lies in the rather brutal realism with which some incidents are described that emphasizes the return to primitive habits. Unless the hero reforms in many ways after he returns to society the reader will feel that the heroine is

marrying him pays a heavy price for the information she has acquired.

Impulsive young women with high moral purposes, such as Constance Smolley describes in "The Daughter" (Moffat, Yard and Company), must be less common in England than in the United States, and there the missionary's stepping over the conventionalities may seem original. The heroine's behavior to be sure would attract attention anywhere. The accident of the moment makes her an advocate of woman suffrage, but any other movement would have served the author as well in bringing out her points. No fault is to be found with the improbabilities of the plot, for that intended merely to lay down the thesis. There are some pleasant people in the story; a delightful small boy of whom much should have been made, a young person with ideas on the New Cooking, a nice English mother with the regrettable habit of smoking cigarettes. A tone of humor, rather heavy humor, is maintained throughout, there is some preaching and there are some pretty scenes.

Ten good stories of the New England coast are told by Mr. George S. Wasson in "Home From Sea" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company). They are all natural enough to be true, and the fisher folk who tell them will seem like old friends to those who know those parts. The language they use, too, is the real dialect, for Mr. Wasson has kept his ears open; and the phrases, particularly the epithets, were well worth preserving. The illustrations are by the author; for once we have pictures of boats by one who knows their construction as well as how to paint them. It will be a good book for the summer.

#### Biographical and Historical.

Although a plea for the defense of Mr. James Madison Page's "The True History of Andersonville Prison" (The Neale Publishing Company) has the merit of being the testimony of an eyewitness restricted to personal experience. The author is a Northern man; at the time of his capture a non-commissioned officer in a Michigan regiment, for fourteen months a prisoner, during seven of which he was kept at Andersonville. He testifies to almost general good treatment, ascribing the hardships and privations almost entirely to the destitution of his captors, and the great mortality at the end to Secretary Stanton's refusal to exchange prisoners. Of Capt. Wirz in his administration of the prison he speaks very favorably and exculpates him from all the charges brought against him. In the second part is the account with little comment of Major Wirz's trial and execution. After more than forty years it is easier to apportion the blame where it belongs, but to those who can remember war times it will seem less remarkable that Wirz should have been put to death than that he should have been the only life exacted in retaliation for the sufferings of the Union soldiers.

A popular account of the personal life of the late Queen of England has been written by Mr. Frank Hird in "Victoria, the Woman" (Appletons). The reader should not be prejudiced by the strange views about the English court in the first chapter; the author has drawn without much judgment on memoirs. For most of the rest of the book he trusts to the Queen's own writings. There is some needless explanation of British matters for the edification of Americans, and the laudation of the Queen and Prince Albert would satisfy the most loyal Briton. The book does give in short compass, nevertheless, an account of Victoria in the relations which impressed most deeply her contemporaries.

The care with which Mr. Charles Edward Russell has hunted out every scrap about "Thomas Chatterton" (Moffat, Yard and Company) is praiseworthy, but it is to be regretted that he has thought it necessary to make his book a defense. This method obscures somewhat the results of his researches and detracts from their authority. His poetic explanation of the "forgeries" may very well be true, though it is far from accounting for everything; but does anyone really trouble much about the deception in the face of the remarkable fact that it was a young boy who wrote the pieces? It is a young task to disprove the accusation of dissipation, though that might seem needless in the case of a boy who killed himself before he was eighteen, if the literary histories did not keep repeating it. It is an interesting book that Mr. Russell has written, and it would be difficult to find a stranger story than the one he tells.

It takes a whole volume of the "Heroes of American History" series for Mr. Frederick A. Ober to tell what is not known about "John and Sebastian Cabot." By the time he gets to the little that is known about Sebastian he has formed a very poor opinion of him and any reason for including him among heroes seems eliminated. It would have been so much simpler to let the Cabots alone.

In "Wycliffe and the Lollards," a volume of the "World's Epoch Makers" series (Charles Scribner's Sons) Mr. J. C. Carrick undertakes to write impressionistic history. There are jumps forward and back that confuse the reader, there is much irrelevant matter and above all there is the inability to consider the subject from a Catholic standpoint. It is a disappointing book in a series that has brought out some excellent monographs. A new edition of the Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis's condensation of Motley's histories is issued by the Harpers with the title "Motley's Dutch Nation." The advantage of having Motley in a single volume seems to have been appreciated, and Dr. Griffis's supplementary section, bringing Dutch history up to date, is on the whole well done. In the new edition it is continued to the second Hague conference, which is perhaps praised unduly. It is a pity that Dr. Griffis should employ an English that would have pained Motley. His description of Queen Wilhelmina's coronation, for instance, is fittingly enthusiastic, yet he says: "Such, indeed, in every inch, the tiered maiden in royal robes seemed, when standing in the New Church, before the dulle of the kingdom, she first swore obedience to the constitution, and then enunciated those words which moved hearts as cosmic forces stir the waves of the sea: 'I intend to make the words of my beloved father my own, when he said that the House of Orange can never, no, never, do enough for the Netherlands.'"

#### The Sins of Society Again.

A third rate story concerning three class people rioting in what they are pleased to term society is presented in Louise Maunfeld's new novel "Katherine Trevalyan" (McClure). The sins of society have been exploited so freely in fiction of late that most people are tolerably familiar with them. This book, lacking the charm of novelty and the skill in literary style which has distinguished some of its forerunners, has little to recommend it to favor. There are vulgar, overdone scenes with painted faces, coarse and scheming for place, spiteful in temper, cheating at cards, drinking highballs and alluring unwary men into their toils. There is the rich and beautiful Katherine Trevalyan, no less, of course, undergoing much suffering, deceived of men and scorned and envied by women.



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#### An Indian Tale of Romance and History.

The "squaw man" as a type in fiction is treated in a realistic, rather than a picturesque fashion by Mary Holland Kinkaid in her story of "The Man of Yesterday." The novel, as the title indicates, deals with dead issues and vanishing conditions. It is a hybrid sort of story founded historically upon the partition of the lands owned by the five nations in Indian Territory. It is based sentimentally on the wrongs of a young and, of course, beautiful, Indian girl married to and deserted by her "squaw man." These wrongs are avenged by a young Indian brave, according to the traditions of his tribe, with the sacrifice of a life for a life.

The story is heavily handicapped with details of an unimportant if accurate nature, which destroy its artistic value. It is strongly sentimental in a melodramatic fashion, but it introduces in the guise of fiction many true facts not generally known concerning the Indians in the last decade of the nineteenth century. As history it is too much diluted with romance to be of value. As romance it is too much disturbed by political history to be entertaining. The book is published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

#### Story About a Resolute Young Woman.

It has been said that to be a first class heroine a girl must have no mother to interfere with her performances. She must have the initiative herself. She must control the climates and manipulate the mechanism of the plot. Such a girl is Joan Kelden, the heroine of Grace Denio Littlefield's novel "The Supreme Gift" (Little, Brown and Co.). Not only is she motherless, young, beautiful, talented and philanthropic, but she has a weak and unworthy old father controlled by the advice of a wily lawyer. There is a financial crash of the kind we have spent the winter reading about in the newspapers. A motor which is the reliable instrument of destruction in the modern story, as the plague was in the old time tales, dashes over an embankment and with remarkable discretion for such an impetuous agent kills Joan's rich uncle and aunt and spares the weak father and the wily lawyer.

If the aunt dies first—as she should—the fortune goes to Joan. If not it is the heritage of the wicked admirer. No one is there to witness the accident but the wily lawyer, who persuades the weak father to say that the aunt was the first to die. Joan begins dispensing the fortune to save her father's good name. She is having a perfectly lovely time, but she is paying off the small creditors instead of the wily lawyer. He loses his temper and tells her the truth in a fit of anger. Joan renounces the fortune to the wicked admirer and persuades him to use it in the same way. He promises to do so on condition that she will give up the poet lover and marry him. This is the "supreme sacrifice." Joan keeps it all up until she goes into a decline in the old fashioned way and is dying, when the wicked admirer relents in time for her to die in the poet lover's arms.

It is just the thing for the young person to have a good cry over.

#### Other Books.

It is a pleasant book on the whole that Miss Dorothy Neville Lees has written in "Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends" (Dodd, Mead and Company). She has a real liking for the things she describes, and the annoying tone of patronage is less marked in this book than in her earlier one. Still, it is a young person, superior in race, in religion and in civilization to the amiable Italians among whom she lives that is writing, and it speaks well for the charm of the Tuscan babies and peasants that they seem untouched by her condescension. The accounts of the feasts would be more entertaining if the author dwelt more on what she saw instead of building a mosaic of historical scraps around them; it has something of the effect of the guide's patter when the mind is busy with a masterpiece. The Tuscan scenes, however, with their ways and ceremonies, from baptism to funeral, are well worth knowing. The country scenes are the best. The book is illustrated with very good photographs of an unusual sort.

The need of another book on Japan is not obvious, but the reader seeking information for the first time about that much described country might save trouble by taking up "Present-Day Japan," by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume is almost wholly descriptive. The author is an English woman, but there is little to mark nationality in her observations. They are wholly objective. When they were made is not clear, if after the recent war or that with China, the author has been remarkably successful in eliminating not only all references to the wars, but every suggestion of the change made in Japanese character by their successes. The one deviation into public matters is the endeavor to explain religious conditions, apart from that it is only the people, their customs and the country, that the author is concerned with. She is an intelligent observer and is not carried away by fancies. There are many pictures.

To the interesting technical books that army officers have been publishing of late an important addition is "The Transmission of Military Information," by Lieut.-Col. George P. Scriven of the Signal Corps (Governors Island, New York). The author explains the existing methods of signalling by heliograph, flag, and so forth, but he shows that the wars of the twentieth century have proved that their range of usefulness has become much contracted and that the main reliance must be on telegraphy in some form. He describes the needed

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## Into the Primitive

By ROBERT AMES BENNET

equipment for this in the field, telegraph, telephone and wireless apparatus, drawing examples from the war between Japan and Russia. He winds up with plans for the management of the coast defence by means of signals. The author deals not only with the present forms of transmitting military information but with suggestions for those that must be adopted to meet the new conditions under which warfare will be waged.

Philosophy gets the upper hand of humor in Mr. Thomas L. Masson's "The New Plato" (Moffat, Yard and Company). In this he emits opinions on the various topics that have been worn threadbare by the professional humorists, using the Socratic method of question and answer by means of which the genial old sophist drove his victims into uncomfortable corners. Marriage, bridge, doctors and the tariff are some of the subjects on which Mr. Masson has thoughts. His Platonic device has the advantage over the fable of humor that it requires much more space to reach the point. If taken up generally we fancy that readers of funny papers will call for a general prescription of hemlock.

About fifty illustrations with a short sketch make up the "Sir Thomas Lawrence," published by George Newnes (Frederick Warne and Company). The half tones are not well executed; the best that can be said for them is that they serve to identify the portraits they represent. Save in a few instances these are taken from public collections.

To the admirable "Cambridge" edition of the poets published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company has been added "The Complete Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser," edited by R. E. Neil Dodge. The convenience of having an author in a single volume would alone make the edition valuable, but this is made attractive besides by clear, readable type and a very handsome page. The text of Spenser has been revised carefully, a labor which has obliged the editor to read "The Faerie Queene" twice through; there are notes, a glossary, a list of variants and an excellent biographical sketch. The editing is very good. It is a worthy edition of Spenser, offering his complete works in the form that is most desirable for the vast majority of those who read him.

#### Books Received.

"The Continental Congress at Princeton." Varum Lansing Collins. (The University Library, Princeton, N. J.)  
"Aspects of George Meredith." Richard H. P. Carle. (George Routledge and Sons: E. P. Dutton and Company.)  
"A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance." J. P. Spingarn. (The Columbia University Press: Macmillan.)  
"The Garden Book for Young People." Alice

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